

The Fortune Hunter  
by Ruby Ayres

(Continued From Yesterday.)

She went a little way ahead of him and stepped into the punt that was moored to a post on the bank. Her face was a little grave and set, and her eyes carefully avoided his as he followed.

"I'm afraid it won't keep fine for long," he said, stiffly. "The clouds are coming up. What way shall we go?"

"I don't mind-up stream, I should think."

She answered vaguely; she pulled some cushions beneath her head and leaned back with closed eyes.

The Fortune Hunter had taken off his coat and was standing up, rolling back his sleeves.

He was a fine figure of a man, silhouetted against the blue sky, his bronzed, clean-shaven face a little grave and unhappy, though he talked away resolutely.

"Foster called this morning, just before you came down; he wanted to see you."

She opened her eyes.

"No, I'm not told."

"No, I offered to deliver a message, but he seemed to object; he said he would call again."

There was a little silence, then she said with a cold laugh—

"He knows that you hate him."

"He knows right, then—I do hate him, and I rather fancy he returns the compliment."

"Oh, no! He always speaks in the kindest way of you."

"Really?" The Fortune Hunter's eyes were cynical. "Even when he was making love to you on the river the other night?"

She flushed hotly.

"John! How can you say such a thing?" she protested, passionately. "Because I know it's true," he answered, quietly. He pushed the punt off into mid-stream. "Do you think I'm a fool; that I can't see what's under my very eyes? Foster is only waiting his time to take my place."

Her face quivered.

"I am afraid that would not be very easy for him to do—even if he wished it and I wished it, too," she said.

"Why not?" I thought it was the simplest thing in the world for a woman to be off with the old love and one with the new," he answered, dryly.

Her eyes darkened with pain.

"In our case," she asked.

"Why not?" he asked recklessly.

She leaned back with a little shiver.

"If you do not know, I cannot tell you," she answered, painfully. They went some little way without speaking, only the soft lap of the water against the side of the punt breaking the silence.

Anne looked at the Fortune

THE GUMPS—WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

Hunter and the pain at his heart deepened. Oh, what was wrong with them that they could not be happy? Life might have been so beautiful, but somehow they had just missed the great joy that they might have known together.

That he was no happier than she, she knew well enough. There were lines in his face that had not been there six weeks ago, when he first came to Cherry Lodge; a hardness in his eyes that looked as if it were vainly endeavoring to hide tragedy.

There were times when she was sure that he loved her; other times when she believed that he cared nothing. The handsome face of the girl whose photograph she had found on the stairs haunted her ceaselessly. Was it she who stood between them, and if so, why could he not trust her, and tell her?

So often she longed to go to him and put her arms round him, and tell him that whatever he had done, that whatever was wrong she would understand and forgive; but she was afraid—her poor little overtone last night had met only with rebuff and she dared not repeat it.

The Fortune Hunter drew the punt closer to the bank.

"Isn't this the island you brought me to—that first morning?" he asked, looking round, uncertainly.

"Yes," she leaned her chin on her hands, and looked past him with wistful eyes, and then quite suddenly she said: "John! It would hurt your mother if she knew."

Things had turned out badly for us after all. She was so sure we were going to be happy; the last time I saw her she said that after her experience with your father—they were not very happy, were they? she thought there was no such thing as real love—but then...

"She changed her mind, and thought ours was the romantic love

that lives forever—without a cloud—without a misunderstanding—never altering—is that it?"

The Fortune Hunter spoke fast and bitterly, and there was a mocking smile in his eyes.

Anne winced.

"I thought you loved mother," she said. "It's not like you to make fun of her, John."

"My dear, I'm not making fun," he broke out hoarsely. "—Lord! is there anything real or lasting in this world?"

"I used to think there was," she said sadly.

She sat looking across to the island, twisting a little old-fashioned ring on her finger. The Fortune Hunter had often noticed it before, and wondered why she wore it. He drew the punt pole in now, and leaned down to her suddenly, catching her hand in his.

"Why do you wear that?" he asked. There was a faint jealousy in his mind, as it trembled on his lips to add that the ring was poor and shabby looking and unworthy of her, but something in her eyes checked him. She drew back, and he saw her lips tremble as she answered:

"I wear it because I promised you that I always would, that's why."

He let her hands go abruptly and turned away. Fool that he had been not to guess; for a moment he could not steady his voice sufficiently to answer her.

"It's never off my hand since you put it there," she said dully; her voice sounded almost as if she were repeating something she had heard and nothing in which she had ever had a part. "But now—" For a moment she looked up into his face, then she deliberately drew the ring from her finger and dropped it into the river.

"So You Have Been In France?" The Fortune Hunter had made a swift movement to stop Anne's im-

THE OX DRIVER.

Sermon by Dr. Clovis G. Chappell, pastor Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Shamgar delivered Israel. We would not be surprised to learn that some great person delivered Israel, but to learn that this man accomplished such a task is amazing. We can not but be astonished because he is a mere ox driver, an old farmer. We would call him little more than a hayseed.

The story is astonishing, in the first place, because of the tremendous evils of the day in which this man lived. Israel had seen days of conquest and victory. There had been a time when she had triumphed mightily, but today she was hopelessly conquered by her old enemy, the Philistines. If one of her farmers succeeded in cultivating a little wheat it was no sooner threshed than the Philistines seized it. If he succeeded in raising a few sheep they were no sooner large enough to slaughter when these same marauders swooped down and drove them away.

On every hand there was nothing but robbery and plunder and oppression. The very highways had been abandoned. The people dodged here and there through woods and fields like hunted beasts. Industry was paralyzed. Many families went hungry and the people lived in constant fear of their lives.

A Different Attitude.

Now, what is a man to do in a situation like this? That is what almost every man in Israel was asking. And the only answer to the question was a sad and despairful "nothing."

But there was one who took an attitude, so different that he changed the whole outlook of his day, changed these despairful, cowed and defeated neighbors of his into battling conquerors. Through him alone God was able to win a great victory and to deliver his fear-filled and plundered people.

There is some hope for this man, Shamgar. He is in rebellion. He is in the grip of a noble discontent. For there is much discontent today that is altogether ignoble. There is a discontent, for instance, that makes a young man unwilling to begin at the bottom instead of at the top.

Discontent That Wins.

But this ox driver had a discontent without which no great achievement is ever won. If you are as high up the mountain as you want to climb, you have already seen your farthest view.

The young man in the Far Country by the swine trough is in a bad setting. But there is hope for the young man, large and sinewy hope, because he is not content with himself. He does not feel at home there. He feels so utterly out of place that he rises amidst his rags and filth and says, "I will go to my Father's land, and out of the swine trough he goes into the wealth of his Father's House because he was not content to be other than his best."

Not only did this man have discontent, but he had faith. In the first place he had faith in God. He was familiar with the history of his own people. He knew how God had shown himself a mighty God in days past. He believed that this God was the same yesterday, today and forever.

Faith in Himself.

This man also believed in himself. He did not doubt that God made it possible for him to do some good in the world.

With this double faith he faced the future in the expectation of a better tomorrow. He recognized that things were bad, but he did not believe it necessary that they should always be so. He knew that his people were defeated, but he believed that it was possible for them to be conquerors. This ox driver became, by the grace of God, an optimist.

And he was a man of real courage. A man can not be a true optimist without at the same time being a courageous man. Because he believed in the coming of a better day, he dared fight for it.

Use What You Have.

Then, he was a man of good, hard, horse sense. Instead of saying what he would do if he only had certain equipment, he used what was in his hand. That is the highest philosophy of life. To recognize what you have is to make an utter failure. If you will not use what you have, you will use nothing because you will have nothing to use.

But if you will use what you have, that means certain success and certain victory. It means a victory for yourself personally. If you will only be faithful in the use of your own, that is success, absolute victory.

Not only does it mean individual victory, but the winning of the battle for God. All battles have been won so. That is how Moses delivered Israel. That is how the lad fed the five thousand. That is how Shamgar won. God does not have to have a million. He only

FLIERS INJURED AT WILDERNESS

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Sept. 25.—While making a landing in a field at Wilderness Friday, a plane piloted by Lieut. Earle M. Randall, U. S. M. C., glided into a ditch, turned over several times and was wrecked. The pilot and his mechanic were caught beneath the debris of the demolished plane. Lieut. Randall sustained a broken nose and several bad cuts and bruises about his face and body, in addition to having several teeth knocked out. His mechanic escaped with lesser injuries.

Morning Judge Court Echoes  
by Rudolph Perkins



DENIES WIFE'S CHARGE; FINED \$10 FOR FUSSING.

Mrs. Margaret Frederick, colored bride of three months, was just finishing a harrowing tale of the perils of living with Hillary.

"Judge, we ain't been married two weeks 'fore 'at man kicked me clean out of bed. He sleeps alius wif a big black razor undah his pillow an' he inkles evah now an' then 'bout going to us it on me."

"Las' Sunday he took 'tense dat Ah wouldn't drink gin wif him an' he threw a glass of it right in mah face and began to fuss."

Hillary took the stand and shook his head vigorously.

"They ain't none of dat so, Y'r Honor." She done drank that drink, ever' drop. De trouble is she 'spects the 'mount of money I makes is mo' than it is. When we gits married 'tress month ago I was workin' ova time an' I give her \$20 ev'ry week. Now I don't get so much an' she don't 'get so much. She wants ever' cent Ah make and 'cause she can't hit me on the haid an' the bottom of mah pocket fall out she fetches me inter dis heah court to fin' out how much I's makin'."

"You will have to settle that between you," declared Judge Mattingly, "but I am going to fine you \$10 for fussing."

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.



Your Autumn Hat Need Not Be Expensive  
You May Choose at \$15.00

FROM scores of hats, all exceedingly attractive models, which represent a greater variety in color and shape than has been known in years—and most unusual values for the prices at which they are offered.

Coque and hackle are smart and effective on the tailored hats; tailored trimming of small wings, long tails or pheasant feathers, and quills, lacquered quills—and ribbon quills are included in the array of trimmings. Ornaments add a piquant charm; bone rings, and jet long pins, dull or glittering; buckles and cabochons in a great variety.

Not until you try them on can you tell how flattering and becoming are the glorious colors of the season, the poppy red, the wonderful brown shades, blues, purple, and black.

Certainly a diverse choice is offered in these at \$15, and the hats at \$18, \$20, and \$22.50.

Milinery Section—Third floor.

Summer Sale Prices Still in Effect on FURS

IF YOU have been waiting to buy a Fur Coat, you will find no better time, no better values, and no lower prices on quality furs than those offered you in this continued selling. Economies to be gained in buying now are particularly notable in coats—these will emphasize the fact:

36-INCH MUSKRAT COATS—Northern skins, with raccoon collar and cuffs, beautifully lined. \$135 and \$150.

36-INCH COAT OF NORTHERN MUSKRAT—Self-trimmed. \$185.

40-INCH COAT—Of best quality Black Muskrat. \$395.

HANDSOME TUXEDO COAT—Of luxurious mole, showing the new blouse back; with long, narrow mole ties, collar and cuffs. Very unusual value, at \$425.

GENUINE HUDSON SEAL COAT—Fine selected skins, shawl collar and cuffs of long silky skunk; 36-inch length. \$295.

FINEST QUALITY HUDSON SEAL COATS—40-inch length, with shawl collar and bell cuffs of natural skunk. \$375 and \$395.

NEAR SEAL COAT (dyed rabbit), with beautiful shawl collar and cuffs of natural skunk; 36-inch length, \$185.

Fox Scarfs, in Taupe, Brown, Pointed and Black, at Exceptionally Low Prices.

Fur Section—Third floor.

The Boys' Daily Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1921.

Copyright 1921.

Jr. Red Cross Gives \$10,000 To Serbians

An appropriation of \$10,000 is announced by the Junior American Red Cross to be administered by the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America in the rebuilding and equipping of district school houses in Serbia.

When the Serbian Child Welfare Association began its work of rescuing the 50,000 Serb war orphans, there war orphans were placed in such homes as could be found for them with the requirement that at stated periods their guardians should send them to designated centers to receive medical and dental inspection. It was also stipulated that the children must attend school. But invading armies had wrecked practically all of the district school houses. It was necessary, therefore, to reconstruct and equip the schools, and Serbian officials agreed to pay three-fourths of the cost, the Welfare Association to obtain the remainder from American contributors.

Thus came the appeal to the Junior American Red Cross, which promptly responded with this sum, sufficient to guarantee completion of twenty of the imperatively necessary forty school houses.

It is believed that various junior auxiliaries will "adopt" these twenty schools, and possibly the entire forty that comprise those being reconstructed, by subscribing \$500 to the building fund for each. The addresses of the Serbian schools, photographs taken before and after reconstruction, and reports of the progress being made will be supplied to the American schools participating in this educational relief work.



A Judge Brown Story-Talk  
By Judge Willis Brown

Marble Guessers and Scientists

One boy had a bag of marbles. Another boy possessed a nickel.

"Guess how many marbles I have and you can have them for a nickel," said the owner of the bag of marbles.

"I guess you have 100."

Just then another boy approached and as he was also jingling a nickel in his pocket looking for some place where he could use it, he entered the game and guessed there were 200.

The owner did not know how many marbles the bag contained. They proceeded to count the marbles when lo, the bag fell to the ground and being on the hillside, marbles went rolling everywhere.

"I'll bet there were 100 in the bag."

"I'll bet there were 200 in the bag."

"I think I had 300," said the owner of the marbles.

These boys gathered all the marbles they could find. These numbered sixty-eight.

"But I'll bet there were 100."

"Aw, there were 200."

"I had over 300."

And so the boys argued and guessed and wondered.

These boys grew into men.

For I believe this happened many years ago. And these boys became scientists.

"This world is 3,000,000,000 years old," said Prof. Gregory.

"You are wrong, it is 8,000,000,000 years old, if it is a day," said Lord Rayleigh.

"How do you know?" questioned Prof. Gregory.

"By the saltiness of the sea," replied Lord Rayleigh.

"That is not the way to tell how many billion years old the world is," said Prof. Gregory.

"How do you figure it out as only 3,000,000,000 years old?" said Lord Rayleigh.

"By the radioactive methods of calculation," replied Prof. Gregory.

And while these two Englishmen, members of the British Association of Scientists were discussing the actual age of the world, Marconi sailing on a boat in the Mediterranean Sea received a wireless message from Mars.

The actual age of the world in figures amounting to billions of years is actually given by these English scientists, and the wireless from Mars, Mr. Marconi actually believes he received.

Perhaps these men know.

But for sheer interest, give me the boys with the bag of marbles.

Some boys count marbles and do not drop the bag, and they KNOW how many marbles the bag contained.

The men—well—in some of the guesses they make, if boys acted thusly they would be placed in the special school for peculiar boys.

Boys are normal, at any rate, for they never guess in earnest unless they KNOW the guess can be settled by actually counting the marbles or other things.

D.C. Boys' Club Will Have News In Boys' Herald

Washington boy organizations, the Y. M. C. A., the Boys' Club, and the Boy Scouts will have their own corners in The Boys' Herald. Every Sunday a column of daily doings at the various clubs and troops will be printed.

Directors of the clubs will gather news for the clubs and members can read their doings in their official paper, The Boys' Herald.

If you have done something that deserves interest go to your superintendent or director and tell him about it. All club news, Scout news and other boy interest matters will be printed.



About Keeping Fit.

Written especially for this newspaper by Lu Tatge

Quarterback, University of Chicago, 1920.

Many a boy has spoiled his chance in athletics by trying to reduce his weight to a certain mark. He will take off five or ten pounds through strenuous training to make the weight of his football team. It is not a wise thing to do. He will have a hard time gaining that weight. It may even stunt his growth.

If you can't make the first team, don't be discouraged. Take it easy in athletics while you are in grammar and high school. Milk is not good for a football player, especially a back-field man. It makes him slow. Nor is coffee. If he must have something besides water, let it be tea.

A player should always take good care of his stomach. Two days before a game it is well to take a dose of magnesia.

And he shouldn't go too hard in early practice. If he strains himself he may have to stay out of the play for several weeks and, perhaps, miss some good games. Take it easy.

These Considerate Lions.

Teacher: "You remember the story of Daniel in the Lion's den, Robbie?"

Robbie: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "What lesson do we learn from it?"

Robbie: "That we shouldn't eat everything we see."

School Yells

Razzle-dazzle!  
Dazzle-razzle!  
Watch us beat 'em  
To a frazzle!  
Who'll beat 'em?  
LAKEWOOD!

PUZZLES AND RIDDLES.

1. Why do they keep most of fices as hot as ovens.

2. What is the most warlike nation?

3. Boy changes to tag in three moves of one letter each: boy, bog, tog, tag. In like manner change goat to lion; foot to bean; wife to love.

Answers: 1. That's where men make their "dally bread." 2.